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#31

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DEADPOOL

Going Out Ghost

Top Ch

KELLY
WOODS
PEPOY

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AND WHAT'S T-RAY UP TO WITH DEADPOOL'S WIFE?! FIND OUT INSIDE!

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SOMEWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE...

HMMMF?

...TERMINATE AGENT MIKITAN'S POSITION *IMMEDIATELY.* ACCENTUATE WITH *PROPERTY* DAMAGE...

RE: ALL CHRISTMAS GIFTS FROM *LANDAU, LUCKMAN AND LAKE* FROM LAST *FIVE* YEARS...

SUB-BARRISTER *RICHARDS*... UM... REPRIMAND WITH MALICE, REVOKE *CHILD VISITATION RIGHTS* AND *CHOCOLATE* FOR ONE MONTH.

HNNNN...

HIS DAUGHTER'S BALLET RECITAL DOES *NOT* QUALIFY AS AN *"ILLNESS."*

HGKKL?

SQUITCH

DON'T SQUIRM, *HERBERT*... IS THE *INTERFACE* LOCKED?

HMM GMM...

COMPUTER, INITIATE FULL MEMORY BACKUP INTO ORGANIC *STORAGE MEDIUM* CONCURRENT WITH MODIFICATION OF *"DISCIPLINE"* FILE...

AUTHORIZATION SIGNET: *OVERBOSS ZOE CULLODEN.*

LAST ENTRY... RUN A *FULL BLACK OUT* ON ALL FILES CONTAINING THE NAME *"KELLY."* THE AUTHORITY OF THIS COMPANY WILL *NOT* BE QUESTIONED -- CERTAINLY NOT BY A *"WRITER..."*

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AND I GUESS... *SIGH* I GUESS WE SHOULD HAVE HIM BEATEN AS HE LEAVES THE BUILDING.

EXECUTE *ALL*. END *MOD*.

MFF GNNG?

HERBERT•

NO, *THANK* YOU, HERBERT... I —

...

HERBERT... DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO UTTERLY *DECIMATE* THE LAST SHREDS OF A MAN'S *SPIRIT* —?

DOWNLOAD COMPLETE.

I WAS BEING *RHETORICAL*, HERBERT... *FORGET* I ASKED.

MFF GNNLG... IKK MO —

BUT REMEMBER MY *DOWNLOAD*. TAKE A SECURE DOOR *STRAIGHT* TO THE 3 L'S, HERBERT — *NO* DETOURS...

SKLTCHH

YFF MMM

CARRY ON, SOLDIER...

???

MEEP?

SHHHHHHHHHH

AND THAT WOULD BE THE SOUND OF A PERFECTLY CRAFTED *ENTRANCE DRAMATICA* DYING AN *IGNOBLE* DEATH...

WHAT *PERMITS* DOES A GUY NEED TO *BUILD* A LITTLE *SUSPENSE* AROUND HERE?

OH, GOD... *DEADPOOL* —

MONTY.

DEAD OR THE BEGINNING OF THE END...

A KELLY/WOODS/WONG/BLANCHARD
COMICRAFT/DIAZ/HARRAS LOVEFEST

LANDAU, LUCKMAN AND LAKE... QUAINTLY REFERRED TO AS "AN INTERGALACTIC HOLDINGS COMPANY" IN THE LITERATURE —

THIS INFLUENTIAL CLANDESTINE SYNDICATE CAN BUY AND SELL YOUR SOLAR SYSTEM BEFORE TEA TIME.

NEIN, DANKE... I THINK I AM ALL RIGHT NOW... BUT TELEPORTATION IT SEEMS, DOES NOT AGREE MIT ME...

YOU MUST HAVE AN IRON STOMACH, MERCEDES.

NO... APPARENTLY SPACE TRAVEL HAS NO AFFECT ON THE UNDEAD... LUCKY ME.

DO YOU KNOW WHERE WE ARE, ILANEY?

JA... DEADPOOL HAS MENTIONED THIS PLACE... LANDAU, LUCKMAN, UND LAKE... HE USED TO WORK FOR THEM, MIT MONTY.

IT DID NOT GO TOO GOOD. I TINK IT IS A BANK... FOR OUTER SPACE.

YES, MISTER GLORT... IF YOU'LL JUST TAKE A SEAT...

PLEASE TO AM GETTING YOU A FRUIT PUNCH WHILE YOU WAIT?

...A BANK... GOOD LORD...

DO YOU EVER GET USED TO IT, ILANEY? THE MONSTERS... THE DANGER? THE OVERALL INSANITY OF WADE'S -- OF DEADPOOL'S LIFE?

NEIN...

SHOULD I GET ANOTHER BUCKET?

ICEY TEA? ECLAIR?

UND THAT'S WHAT MAKES IT WUNDERBAR, JA?

JA... "WUNDERBAR" IS JUST WHAT I WAS THINKING, TOO.

"A *LOT* OF IT YOU KNOW, ALREADY...

THERE ARE NO OTHER WARDS *LEFT*, WILSON... THE SEARCH HAS *ENDED*... YOU ARE THE *MITHRAS*.

"SOME OF IT... YOU *DON'T*.

WADE?!

FWAKK

"ALL SEEMS SO *LONG* AGO... LIKE *FIFTH* GRADE... OR WHEN *WHERE'S THE BEEF?* MERCHANDISE WAS IN VOGUE...

...WHEN *THESE THREE EVENTS* TRANSPIRE... YOU WILL *KNOW* THAT I CAN SEE THROUGH THE VEIL OF TIME... THAT I SPEAK *TRUE*.

"BUT IT *WASN'T*. TIME... TIME HASN'T MADE A *LOT* OF SENSE TO ME SINCE WE *LAST* SAW EACH OTHER...

YOU *KNEW?* YOU *KNEW* THAT I'D HAVE TO CHOOSE THE DESTINY OF THE WHOLE FREAKING *PLANET* --

YOU... YOU H-HAD TO H-MAKE THE CHOICE... Y-YOURSELF... F-FREE WILL...

WADE, PLEASE -- I... I KNOW THIS DIDN'T TURN OUT LIKE YOU'D *HOPED*... BUT YOU *DID* SAVE THE *WORLD!*

AND YOU DIDN'T EVEN HAND ME THE STINKING CLIFF NOTES?!

"A LOT OF THINGS DON'T MAKE SENSE NO MORE.

WHAT IS THIS *THING* ON MY BODY?

AL... FOR A SECOND, I *TOUCHED* HALF THE MINDS IN THE *UNIVERSE!* SO MANY *PEOPLE*... IN SO MUCH *PAIN*...

AND I KEPT THEM FROM FINDING *PEACE*. I... I SHOULD HAVE BEEN *TOLD*...

"...SO HE DOESN'T HAVE TO FIGURE IT ALL OUT *ALONE*...

BRAINS IS GOOD FOOD...

IT'S YOUR *DISGUISE*, MONTY-BABY! YOU CAN'T JUST *TRAIPSE* AROUND LOOKING LIKE THREE DAY OLD *PEKING DUCK!*

"GUESS THAT'S WHY A GUY COLLECTS *FRIENDS*...

SO YOU COULD *FREAK* AND TURN US INTO A PLANET OF HAPPY *DROOLING IDIOTS?* I DON'T THINK SO...

"...THAT... OR FRIENDS ARE FOR KICKING IN THE *GUT* WHEN YOU'RE SICK OF BEING GOD'S HACKY-SACK..."

IF YOU KNEW *ALL ALONG* WHAT WAS EXPECTED... *COULD* YOU HAVE PULLED IT OFF THE WAY YOU DID?

I'LL NEVER KNOW... *WILL* IF ANY *GOOD* I DID... I DID BY *ACCIDENT*.

'CAUSE JIMINY CRICKET IS *GONE*... AND THERE'S NO ONE LEFT TO *BELIEVE* IN ME...

NO ONE EXCEPT *THIS* SUCKER HERE. EVEN AFTER YOU REALIZED YOU'D BEEN *SNOOKERED*, TOO... YOU BELIEVED...

DIDN'T YOU, MONTY?

IRONIC, NO? CAUSE IN THE *BELIEVING*, I LOST MY *POWERS*, MY *POSITION*, AND MY ONE *TRUE LOVE*...

STICK THAT IN YOUR *STAR* AND *WISH* UPON IT.

"WHO KNOWS WHY WE PICK WHO WE PICK? FATE? ACCIDENT? A WARPED SENSE OF HUMOR AT THE MISFORTUNE OF OTHERS... IT DON'T MATTER...

"MONTY WAS MY FRIEND...

OKAY... I WILL.

WHAT THE —? UNHAND ME, YOU *WRETCH!*

WADE? WHERE ARE YOU —? WADE?

"AND FOR THAT, HE PAID THE PRICE... TO T-RAY."

AND THE WORST PART IS... I REALLY AIN'T WORTH THAT MUCH.

GET WELL SOON

I SURE AS SNOT HAVEN'T THE FOGGIEST HOW T-RAY FOUND MY HOME IN BOLIVIA, PUT THE BIG HURT ON MONTY AND MANAGED TO STRING HIM UP AT HELLHOUSE...

BUT I THINK HE WENT THROUGH THE TROUBLE... JUST TO SHOW ME HE COULD.

YEAH... I HATE THAT SONOFASACK ALBINO... I HATE HIM *GOOD*.

LOOK, DEADPOOL... I... I'M SORRY THAT MONTY WAS... HURT, BUT YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME HERE... NOT AFTER --

HE'S OFFICIALLY NOT OUR PROBLEM ANYMORE.

SORRY, BUT MOST HOSPITALS WON'T TAKE A GUY WITHOUT INSURANCE... OR SKIN... WHERE ELSE WAS I SUPPOSED TO TAKE HIM, AN UPHOLSTERER?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT...

THINGS HAVE CHANGED... SINCE THE MITHRAS DIRECTIVE.

T-RAY? THAT'S BAD NEWS...

FORGIVE ME FOR NOT GIVING A TOSS, LADY, BUT I THOUGHT OUR PAL WAS DYING HERE, AND MAYBE YOU'D WANT TO HELP --

HE'D DO IT FOR YOU, AND THEN SOME... OF COURSE, L-U-V WILL DO THAT TO A BODY...

YOU KNOW, I ACCIDENTLY READ HIS DIARY ONCE OR TWICE... YOU'RE ON ALMOST EVERY PAGE... HE'S QUITE THE *EROTIC POET*...

G COLEMAN

HE... HE WROTE ABOUT ME?

OH, COME ON... THIS CAN'T BE NEWS TO YOU! THE ONLY THING IN HIS HEART BESIDES BLOOD AND A LITTLE PLAQUE --

-- WAS YOU, ZOE. YOU MUST HAVE KNOWN...

I -- I, NO...

MONTY... MONTY WAS UNAUTHORIZED TO EXPERIENCE... HE MALFUNCTIONED...

MALFUNCTIONED AND WAS DECOMMISSIONED, AND THEN YOU STOLE HIM —

"UNAUTHORIZED?" "MALFUNCTIONED?" CULLODEN, YOU WERE ALWAYS A GRADE A BROWN NOSE...

BUT ISN'T THIS TOEING THE COMPANY LINE A LITTLE FAR? MONTY... HE'S ONE OF US... MONTY --

IS PROPERTY. LL&L PROPERTY. NOTHING MORE.

...

SORRY, KID... I GUESS NO ONE GETS SECOND CHANCES FOR CHRISTMAS THIS YEAR. YES, VIRGINIA... SANTA CLAUS IS DEAD.

HE'S NOT DEAD...

EZASH

HE'S JUST ON THE PAYROLL NOW, AND CAN'T PLAY YOUR LITTLE REINDEER GAMES ANYMORE.

SORRY, WILSON... REALLY.

=HGGKT= =SPUT= YUKON =SGGHT= CORNELIUS.

YEARRGH!

LOTION UP YOUR BACK, HALLIE? SURE, I'D BE HAPPY TO HELP...

BUT I'M ALL OUT OF BABY OIL... WILL WHIPPED CREAM—? SUFFICE?

HEH... HALLUCINATING. OUT LOUD. IN FRONT OF TEMPERMENTAL WIFE. STELLAR.

YOU HAVE BEEN INCARCERATED
IT'S TIME TO CONSIDER YOUR BEHAVIOR
POSSIBLE TRANSGRESSIONS:
△ HAVE YOU PLACED YOUR WELL BEING ABOVE THAT OF THE COMPANY?
△ HAVE YOU TARNISHED THE IMAGE OF THE COMPA... UR
△ HAVE YOU MURDER...
OVER BOSS
△ ARE YOU HAPP...

SEE I *TELL* YOU HE WOULD BE FINE. HE HAS *THICK* HEAD.

I WAS TOO BUSY TRYING NOT TO SWALLOW MY OWN *TONGUE* TO GET THE SPECIFICS, BUT I HAVE AN *IDEA*...

BACK IN THOSE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY DAYS OF THE MITHRAS DIRECTIVE, I THINK I MAY HAVE *SIGNED* SOMETHING THAT IMPLIED AN *UNDERSTANDING* ABOUT AN *INFERENCE* MADE IN THE FORM OF A CLEVER *LITERARY* METAPHOR REGARDING *SWISS CHEESE* AND *LEONARD COHEN* —

— THAT SAID I WAS *LLBL PROPERTY.*

LIKE CATTLE.

AH, THERE'S THAT OVERFLOWING GERMANIC *COMPASSION* YOU HEAR SO MUCH ABOUT... YOU GIRLS ALL RIGHT?

ASIDE FROM BEING MANHANDLED LIKE COMMON *CRIMINALS*, YES. I THOUGHT YOU SAID THAT THIS *ZOE* PERSON WAS A *FRIEND*.

YEAH, WELL, ONCE I SAID *VANILLA ICE* WAS *HARD CORE*... SOMETIMES, I'M A *POOR JUDGE* OF CHARACTER.

WHAT DO THEY *WANT?*

NO *BULL*. I NEVER TOOK IT *SERIOUSLY*. SURPRISE, SURPRISE, BUT APPARENTLY, *SOMEONE* DID.

WE'RE *HUMAN BEINGS!* NOT *PLAYTHINGS!* NOT *PROPERTY!* PEOPLE *CAN-NOT* BE TREATED LIKE THIS — CHASED, JAILED, *POKED* AND *PRODDED* BECAUSE SOMEONE *ELSE* THINKS HE HAS *OWNERSHIP!*

UH, RIGHT... *HON*, ARE YOU GONNA YELL "*I AM NOT AN ANIMAL*" NOW? CAUSE I WANT TO BE *SUPPORTIVE*, BUT THAT'LL *TOTALLY* MAKE ME LAUGH —

SHE'S VERY *HIGH STRUNG*, NO?

SOMEONE WITH A *TYPE "A"* PERSONALITY AND A NEW POSITION AS *OVERBOSS* —

PROPERTY? *PROPERTY?!*

YOU *THINK?*

MERCEDES, *SWEETUMS*? I KNOW OUR REUNION HASN'T EXACTLY BEEN A SCENE OUT OF THE *PAM AND TOMMY* VIDEO OR ANYTHING...

IT HASN'T EVEN BEEN A SCENE OUT OF *ISHTAR*, FOR PITY'S SAKE.

BUT I PROMISE, SINCE I GOT US *INTO* THIS JELLY ROLL, I'LL GET US *OUT* --

NO.

THIS ISN'T *YOUR* FAULT... IT'S *HIS*. *T-RAY'S*.

AND THE *ONLY* THING I WANT YOU TO *PROMISE* ME... IS THAT WHEN WE GET *OUT* OF HERE...

WE'RE GOING TO TRACK HIM DOWN LIKE A *DOG* AND *KILL* HIM.

UH, MERCEDES... I DIG THE *EASTWOOD IMPRESSION*, BUT ARE YOU...?

...

>SIGH< ALL RIGHT... SO THAT'S WHERE THE FAT LADY FALLS... *ALL RIGHT*...

THINK OF ME AS YOUR HITMAN *HUBBY*, THEN... AND LET'S DO DIS.

WE'RE NOT GOING TO DO *NICHTS* UNLESS WE FIND A WAY OUT OF HERE.

NOT TO *WORRY*, MY TWO TON TEUTONIC... I'M *ON* IT... >HRRP< OR RATHER...

>SPURRTGCH< IT'S *IN ME*... >GAAK<

OH MEIN *GOTT*... I'M GOING TO BE *SICK* AGAIN...

DON'T >HAAK< WORRY... >HUURPT< I LEARNED THIS TRICK >RITTTCH< FROM A *SUPER-MODEL*...

ELSEWHERE...

...PRIMARY MODIFICATIONS TO THE MEDULLA NON-FUNCTIONING...

...GENERAL COGNITIVE FACULTIES SUSPENDED...

...ZERO ALPHA, BETA OR ZETA WAVE ACTIVITY.

IN OTHERWORDS, MISS CULLODEN... THE SUBJECT IS A SIX MILLION DOLLAR VEGETABLE.

SMALL WONDER IT SEEMS TO HAVE LOST THE WILL TO LIVE.

ENOUGH. GO.

...

OKAY... YES... SO I SCREWED DEADPOOL... SO WHAT?

STOP LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT.

I... I HAVE MY ORDERS

REALITIES AWAY, AT LL&L HQ...

WADE, THAT... THAT'S DISGUSTING.

WOW... UND I THOUGHT I HAD AN EATING PROBLEM...

ACH... THE SMELL...

A WISE, POINTY-EARED, HOLIER-THAN-THOU TYPE ONCE SAID "YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN YOU'RE GONNA LOSE YOUR UTILITY BELT, PUNK. RIGHT, PUNK? PUNK."

-- AND SINCE MY HEALING FACTOR PREVENTS ALL ULCERS... IT'S JUST A MATTER KEEPING DOWN LITTLE BITS OF TECH AND SEMTEX WRAPPED IN HANDY DANDY LATEX SACKS AND VOILA! PERMANENT CARRY-ON LUGGAGE.

TA-DA! I ALSO DO BAR MITZVAHS AND BACHELORETTE PARTIES...

HOLD ON TO YOUR BELTSTRAPS, GALS... THIS AIN'T NO POKEMON.

CONGRATULATIONS, CITIZEN, YOU JUST WON WORKMAN'S COMP LOTTO...

HNNGH

YOU SAY MONTY IN THE BASEMENT? THE ELEVATOR IS DIS WAY.

THANKS, COLONEL KLINK... I'M ON IT. WHERE'S MY WIFE --

RIGHT HERE --

CH-CHAKK

CH-CHAKK?! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO CH-CHAKK!

GIMMIE THAT THING BEFORE YOU SHOOT YOUR PONYTAIL OFF!

WADE, SOMEONE'S GOT TO HELP --!

TELL ME WHAT TO *DO*. I DON'T WANT TO SHOOT ANY-ONE I'M NOT *SUPPOSED* TO.

YEAH, *THAT* SOMEONE. THE EXPENDABLE *SCHNICKELGRUBBER!*

DANKE, BOSS.

WHAT'S GOTTEN *INTO* YOU, K!D?

I -- I'M NOT SOME DELICATE *FLOWER*... IF *THIS* IS WHAT YOUR WORLD IS ABOUT... IT'S TIME I STARTED *FITTING* IN...

WE MUST HURRY. THEY'LL BE HERE *SOON!*

MERCEDES, WE NEED TO --

HOLD IT!

I MEAN, THEY ARE HERE *NOW?* I AM STILL NOT GOOD WITH *TENSES.*

NICE... DO ME A FAVOR, LET SOMEONE *ELSE* WATCH OUR BACKS UNTIL YOU HAVE THE ENGLISH OF A *NEW YORK CABBIE.* THANKS *BUNCHES.*

IT'S *BUSINESS.*

BIG BUSINESS... AND DEADPOOL IS A *LITTLE LITTLE* PERSON WHO CAUSED TROUBLE *DISPROPORTIONATE* TO HIS MEANS. AT LEAST, THAT'S HOW IT SITS ON *PAPER.*

DIXON MADE SUCH A *MESS* OF THE MITHRAS PROJECT THAT EVEN AFTER HIS... *DISMISSAL*... THE L'S WEREN'T SATISFIED. *FORCING* DEADPOOL TO HONOR HIS CONTRACT WILL MAKE THEM FEEL *BETTER.* A DETAIL IS TAKING HIM TO PROCESSING RIGHT NOW.

...

DO YOU [redacted] THE TIME... DEADPOOL TAPPED INTO YOUR CIRCUITS, AND WE SPIED ON *DIXON*...

AND WE CAUGHT HIM TELE-ORDERING A [redacted] *FACELIFT KIT* ON A *SECURE CHANNEL?*

I... *HA HEH*... IF WE HAD SLAPPED THAT [redacted] ON HIS BACK, HIS *FACE* WOULD HAVE *CRACKED* OFF.

HEH... HEH...

OH, MONTY... I CAN'T REMEMBER THE LAST TIME I [redacted] OR LAUGHED...

NOT THAT I EVER HAD SUCH A STERLING SENSE OF HUMOR, *BUT*...

WHAT HAPPENED, MONTY... TO US... TO ME...?

WHAT HAPPENED--?

???

DBEET DBEET

OH...

NO. NOT AWAKE *YET*... BUT THERE IS *BRAIN ACTIVITY*...

HE'S *DREAMING*. DREAMING ABOUT --

ME.

THAT'S. THAT'S HOW HE SEES ME...

EVEN AFTER... EVEN AFTER WHAT I DID TO HIM...

DBEEP

OVERBOSS CULLODEN, MA'AM?

SNIFF! YES...?

MA'AM... DEADPOOL AND HIS CONFEDERATES HAVE ATTEMPED ESCAPE BUT WE HAVE THEM PINNED.

MA'AM. TWO OF MY MEN ARE DOWN... REQUESTING PERMISSION TO TAKE THEM OUT... HARD!

MA'AM? WHAT DO YOU RECOMMEND?

MA'AM?

THIS IS *BAD*, NO?

THIS? *PLEASE!* I'VE SEEN EPISODES OF *DEXTER'S LAB* MORE DANGEROUS THAN THIS! THIS IS NOTHING!

REALLY?

NO. I'M ABOUT TO LOSE MY *BLADDER.*

WHY DON'T WE JUST *BLOW* THEM AWAY?! JUST *DO IT!* DO IT AND GET IT *OVER* WITH?!

THAT'S WHAT YOU DO, ISN'T IT?!

...

YEAH... IT *IS.*

OKAY... EVERYONE BREATHE DEEP... GO TO THAT *HAPPY* PLACE... DADDY HAS A *PLAN.*

NO WORD FROM THE *OVERBOSS*, SO I'M IN COMMAND! KEEP FIRING, AND PREPARE THE *MORTARS--!*

CAPTAIN, LOOK!

BRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKA

SHUFFLE SHUFFLE STRETCH PULL

RIP

WHAT ARE YOU --?

OH MEIN GOTT!

HEY. QUIT COMPLAININ'. SOME FOLKS PAY GOOD MONEY TO SEE THAT SORT OF THING AT YOUR FINER HOUSES OF ADULT ENTERTAINMENT

OKAY! HEY! TIME OUT! FLAG OF TRUCE ON THE FIELD! LISTEN UP —

I WANT TO DEAL.

WHAT?! DEAL?!

I DO NOT BELIEVE I AM SEEING ANY OF THIS... IT MUST BE A DREAM... MUST BE...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! THIS IS A TRICK OR SOMETHING, RIGHT?

YEAH, IT'S A TRICK. LIKE SAWING A BROAD IN HALF WITH AN EPILADY... IT LOOKS MAD HARD, BUT IT'S SIMPLE, REALLY...

HERE'S THE TRICK... I'M GONNA WAVE MY MAGIC WAND AND TURN MYSELF IN, FACE THE BIG LL&L GUYS FOR WHAT I DID TO THEIR PLACE...

AND IN EXCHANGE FOR MY NOT DOING ANY MORE DAMAGE, THEY'RE GOING TO SEND YOU HOME...

WITH YOUR MEMORIES OF ME WIPED CLEAN. POOF. ABRACADABRA.

WHAT?

DEADPOOL! STAND UP!

DON'T GET YER GARTERS ALL TWISTED! I'M HAVIN' A MOMENT HERE --

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?! WIPE MY MEMORIES -- ?

NOT MY GREATEST PLAN... I KNOW... SOME OF THOSE MEMORIES, THEY'RE PRETTY DARN SWEET...

BUT LOOK AT YOU! ALL OF A SUDDEN, YOU'RE JANET RENO ON STEROIDS -- PICKING UP WEAPONS AND SWEARING TO KILL PEOPLE!

THAT'S NOT YOU! THAT'S ME... I POISON EVERYTHING I TOUCH, AND I DON'T WANT TO POISON YOU...

WHAT I DID TO MONTY WAS ENOUGH... NO... NO MORE.

BUT... YOU DIDN'T...

BOSS? NOT TO BEING INTERRUPTING. BUT UH... HAS ANYONE NOTICED HOW QUIET IT IS?

I SAID COME OUT, DEADPOOL... WE...

WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME...

BETRAYER! YOU SAY "WORD UP," BOSS AND I INJECT HER FULL OF LEAD!

EASY, SCHWARZENOODLE... NOW, I KNOW IT AIN'T MY BIRTHDAY, AND YOU'RE TOO STIFF TO PLAY AN APRIL FOOL'S JOKE...

NO... I USED THE OVERBOSS KILLSWITCH TO SHUT DOWN THE TROOPS. TRUST ME. THEY'RE ASLEEP...

CONSIDER IT MY LAST OFFICIAL ACT AS OVER-BOSS.

WHAT'S THE DEAL, CULLODEN? YOU TRYING TO OUTDUPE THE DUPER?

NO MORE... IT'S OVER.

I DON'T MEAN TO COMPLAIN, BUT UNLESS THERE'S A "ZOE-POOL" LOGO STAMPED ON THE COVER OF THIS RAG, YOU'RE STEALIN' MY THUNDER.

I'M CONTRACTUALLY OBLIGATED TO SAVE THE DAY --

YOU DID...

BY BRINGING MONTY BACK.

LONG TIME, NO INSULT, DEADPOOL... HOW'S THINGS?

YOU PROBABLY WANT TO BEAT ME SENSELESS --

AS AN APPETIZER... THOUGH WE'D QUICKLY MOVE ON TO THE CEREMONIAL WEDGIE CRUCIFIXION UNPON A COAT HOOK...

BUT, PLEASE... HEAR ME OUT.

THIS WORLD WE'VE MADE... SHADOWS... DARKNESS... IT TRANSFORMS A PERSON. CASE IN POINT, YOURS TRULY...

I HELPED SAVE THE WORLD... I CLIMBED TO THE TOP OF MY FIELD... I TOOK EVERYTHING I EVER WANTED...

AND IT WAS BOGUS. AT THE END OF THE DAY. I HAD LOST EVERYTHING. SEEING MONTY AGAIN...

REMINDED ME OF WHAT I HAD LOST... AND SINCE I DIDN'T WANT TO LOSE IT AGAIN... I QUIT.

IT'S TRUE WADE... WE'VE HAD A BIT OF... AN EPIPHANY, IT SEEMS... SHE'S NOT FOOLING.

OH... ISN'T THAT BEAUTIFUL? LIKE *GUNTER UND MARIKOGOBEN* IN ZE FAIRY TALES.

FAIRY TALES... WHAT DOES IT MEAN FOR US?

ISN'T IT OBVIOUS, KID? IT'S A SIMPLE CASE OF... YOU KNOW... UH...

OH, I SAW SOMETHING JUST LIKE THIS ON [redacted] CREEK LAST MONTH... WHAT'S THE MORAL...?

HELP ME OUT HERE, SKINNY... MY TRAIN OF THOUGHT LEFT THE STATION WITHOUT ME.

IT MEANS... THERE ARE STILL SECOND CHANCES IN THIS WORLD.

AND IT MEANS... WITH YOUR PERMISSION... THAT I'D LIKE TO GRAB SAID SECOND CHANCE, WITH BOTH HANDS... AND GO WITH ZOE.

I'VE ALREADY TERMINATED MY CONTRACT, WHICH MEANS WE HAVE ABOUT TWO MINUTES BEFORE THEY ELIMINATE MY SECURITY CLEARANCE AND SHUT DOWN MY DOORWAY...

TWO MINUTES FOR YOU TO DECIDE AMONGST ALL THE PLACES IN THE UNIVERSE WHERE YOU'D LIKE TO SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.

DUDE... YOU... YOU SURE ABOUT THIS? YOU KNOW WHAT THE PROPHETS HALL AND OATES SAY... *"WATCH OUT BOY, SHE'LL CHEW YOU UP --"*

YOU ONLY GET ONE SHOT AT A SECOND CHANCE, WADE.

PLEASE, I HOPE YOU'LL UNDERSTAND.

AW, SURE I DO, MONTY... SHE'S WEARING BLACK LEATHER, WHO WOULDN'T--?

THANK YOU, DEADPOOL... THANK YOU.

≥HUURK!≤ HEY -- WHAT THE -- ? I -- OH...

COME ON, MONTY... YOU'RE GONNA GET FLESH ALL OVER MY LONGJOHNS...

≥SNIFF SNIFF≤ OH! THAT'S SO BEAUTIFUL!

I WILL NEVER FORGET YOU, WADE WILSON... BUT BEFORE I GO... MY LAST PREDICTION...

AW, COME ON, MAN... YOU CAN'T --

WADE... THROUGH THAT DOORWAY SITS YOUR LAST OPPORTUNITY AT A NORMAL LIFE WITH THE WOMAN YOU LOVE.

IF YOU TAKE IT, GO SOMEWHERE T-RAY CAN'T FIND YOU. I PROMISE YOU... YOU'LL LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

ONE MINUTE, THIRTY, DEADPOOL... DON'T WASTE IT. JUST TELL THE DOOR WHERE YOU WANT TO GO, AND YOU'RE THERE...

YEAH, RIGHT...

GOODBYE, DEADPOOL. THANK YOU...

THANK YOU FOR BEING MY FRIEND.

YOU TOO, TOOTHPICK... BEST OF LUCK TO YOU, YOU SORRY SLOB.

...

WELL.

WELL...

ANY-WHERE IN THE WORLD... HUH?

BET THAT'S A LOT OF PLACES...

IS THAT TRUE? WHAT THEY SAID? CAN THIS TAKE US ANYWHERE?

YEAH... COOL, RIGHT? YOUR OWN PRIVATE RICKSAW... AND WE CAN USE IT TO SHIMMY RIGHT UP TO T-RAY'S BEDROOM, IF YOU WANT...

THAT IS WHAT YOU WANT, ISN'T IT?

WHAT IF I SAID NO?

WATCHING MONTY AND ZOE... SEEING THEM *START OVER*... KNOWING YOU WERE READY TO *LEAVE* ME, WIPE MY MIND --

WELL, HEH, ABOUT THAT, I WAS *DESPERATE*... YOU WERE STARTING TO SOUND LIKE TIPPER GORE ON *BEEF JERKY* THERE... I WAS GONNA LEAVE THE *GOOD PARTS* INTACT, THOUGH --

I REALIZED YOU WERE RIGHT. I... I'VE *CHANGED*...

AND I DON'T WANT THAT. I... I WANT THE *OLD* ME... THE OLD *US*.

WELL, YOU MEAN... THE *"PAST"* US... *"OLD"* US WOULD LOOK LIKE ESTELLE GETTY AND BURT LANCASTER IN DIAPERS PLAYING *SHUFFLEBOARD* -- FORGET IT, GO ON...

WADE, I DON'T *CARE* ABOUT REVENGE ANYMORE... I JUST CARE ABOUT *YOU*.

WE HAVE A CHANCE TO START OVER, FREE AND CLEAR... CAN'T WE JUST *ACCEPT* IT?

I... I DON'T KNOW... THAT'D BE *TOO GOOD* TO BE TRUE... AND THAT'S *HARDLY* HOW THESE THINGS TEND TO WORK OUT FOR ME.

I'M WILLING TO TRY... IF *YOU* ARE.

TEN SECONDS, *MEINE FREUNDEN*...

WHAT THE HECK... YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE... OR *TWICE*... RIGHT? LET'S GET *HAPPY*.

AND A HASTY INTERGALACTIC JUMP LATER...

AH, SUNNY *MADRID*... I KNOW THIS *BUENO* LITTLE NICE PLACE WHERE WE CAN LAY LOW AND —

BETTER... THIS IS YOUR *HOME.*

DOESN'T IT JUST MAKE YOU WANT TO *CRY...?*

AND *SCREAM...?* AND *DIE?*

T-RAY?!

IS MADRID ALWAYS THIS COLD?

NO... MADRID IS *NEVER* THIS COLD...

AND THERE'S NO *PINE* TREES...

AND THERE'S NO *HIM.*

THIS IS *MAINE,* KID...

Next: THE MIDDLE OF THE END